

MERRY ENGLAND.

OCTOBER, 1883.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

"I would not, if I could, be called a poet.
I have no natural love of the 'chaste muse.'
If aught be worth the doing, I would do it;
And others, if they will, may tell the news.
I care not for their laurels; but would choose
On the world's field to fight or fall or run.
My soul's ambition will not take excuse
To play the dial rather than the sun.
The faith I held I hold, as when a boy
I left my books for cricket-bat, and gun.
The tales of poets are but scholars' themes.
In my hot youth I held it that a man
With heart to dare and stomach to enjoy
Had better work to his hand in any plan
Of any folly, so the thing were done,
Than in the noblest dreaming of mere dreams."

PROTEUS.

"IT is doubtful," says George Eliot, "whether our soldiers would be maintained if there were not pacific people at home who like to fancy themselves soldiers. War, like other dramatic spectacles, might possibly cease for want of a public." Naturally enough, therefore, the soldier on campaign is eager to hear what they are saying about him in the country whose battles he has gone forth to fight. And when, one day in September, 1882, there arrived at the British camp in Egypt a

post-bag, made more bulky than usual by the accession of that month's just-published London magazines, the pages were turned over with an interest which excluded alike, for the moment, the memory of sleepless nights and of long fatigues, and all anxious thought of the great impending attack upon the entrenchments of the enemy. One of these magazines was the *Nineteenth Century*—if its zealous editor will allow us so to classify a serial which he himself always insists on calling a "Review"—and at least he may console himself for our accidental non-observance of his rather arbitrary distinction by thinking that his serial might heedlessly be called something less discriminating even than a magazine; for the Duke of Wellington, who spoke of the *Edinburgh Review* as a "pamphlet," might have called the less voluminous *Nineteenth Century* a tract! But the successors of the Duke did not pause on that September morning last year to differentiate and to dub. They turned to the table of contents, and then impatiently passing with one accord the Laureate's lines "To Virgil" (a camp is not the place for poetry, *pace* Sir John Wolfe under the Heights of Abraham), paused at the first prose article. It was called "The Egyptian Revolution," and its very name was ominous. Not a "rising," nor a "rebellion," nor a "mutiny"—the favourite nomenclature in use at home till then—but nothing less than a "revolution" (and England has never hardened her heart against revolutions where the standard of freedom was unfurled) was this movement of Arabi the Egyptian now frankly called. Nor did the contents of the essay belie its label. Of the accuracy of the name, and of the truth of much that followed beneath it, these military readers had already been convinced by what they themselves had seen since they set foot on Egyptian soil. But that curious awakening to facts of which England was still in ignorance did not make the article a less unpleasant quarter of an hour's reading on the eve of Tel-el-Kebir.

The writer began by saying that, as an Englishman who was still attached to his country, but who found himself, nevertheless, in sympathy with her enemy, he desired as "at least no impertinent aggravation of his fault," to state the circumstance which led him to so strange a state of feeling. "In the last century," he said, "when England, as the champion of the right divine of kings, waged her unjust wars with America and France, this position must have been common with men of heart and enlightenment; but such lovers of liberty at least were cheered by the support of a strong section of their countrymen who had not bowed the knee to Baal. My position is less fortunate than theirs, for among my countrymen at the present moment I know of absolutely none who have the courage to say without reserve, 'God speed the right!' as I do in the coming struggle. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Frederic Harrison, who are valiantly pleading the cause of peace, stop short of this. They call the war unjust, unnecessary, unwise. They wish it over. But they profess themselves, at the same time, ignorant about the justice, the necessity, and the wisdom of the war for the Egyptians. They do not really feel with these poor patriots, or long to see them established in peace against their enemies. They do not care for their honour. They doubt their talk of liberty. Their sympathy is not as that of a man for his own kin, rather as of a man for some ill-treated beast. They do not love the Mussulman 'Arabs' of Egypt as I do. It is to explain the reason of my love, respect and sympathy for Arabi and his 'rebels'—patriots fighting for their freedom—that I write these pages." Then, after a narration of those things which he had seen and heard in Egypt, and on which he bases his trust, he thus pleads: "Let me ask my countrymen to believe that, in opposing with might and main this Anglo-French diplomacy, I have been fighting the battle not only of truth and justice, but also of what I conceived to be distinctly my own country's interest. I could not believe that England had an interest in crushing liberty anywhere or

in maintaining evil against good. I could not understand that she could gain anything by joining France in her crusade against the Arabian race and religion, or that in any conceivable circumstances she could profit by a crime. It has been to prevent a crime that I laboured, alas, in vain !”

This writer was a simple English country gentleman : a master of language, it is true ; but asking the attention of his fellows, not because he was well versed in literary arts, but rather because he had a very special knowledge of his theme—a kind of knowledge, however, which unfortunately has little control in a crisis of national history over the persistently insular mind. When Maggie Tulliver offered to lend to Luke, “Pug’s Tour of Europe,” which would tell him “all about the different sorts of people in the world,” and, lest the text should prove difficult, gave illustrations—among the rest that of “the Dutchmen, very fat, and smoking, and one sitting on a barrel,” the miller replied, “Nay, miss ; I’n no opinion o’ Dutchmen. There ben’t much good i’ knowin’ about *them*.” Maggie’s retort, “But they’re our fellow-creatures, Luke—we ought to know about our fellow-creatures,” was met by the objection : “Not much of fellow-creatur, I think, miss. Nay, nay, I aren’t goin’ to bother mysen about Dutchmen. There’s fools enoo—an’ rogues enoo—wi’out lookin’ i’ books for ’em.” Perhaps it would not be altogether wide of the mark to say that Luke’s maxims still rule in the minds of the million to-day, and were not, indeed, entirely strange to that select throng which alternately pores and snores over its eclectic magazines. That throng put down Mr. Wilfrid Blunt’s article on “The Egyptian Revolution” with a time-honoured grunt about lazy fellaheen and military adventurers, and mentally wondered that Egypt and its affairs should have any interest for an Englishman, and particularly for an Englishman who owned broad acres and who bred horses, and wrote, besides, so fine a style.

There was a time, but it was not then, when Mr. Wilfrid

Blunt would have cared for the praise of his penmanship. Hitherto, with travelling, it had formed the principal interest of his life, though he had only been waiting, as events proved, for the strong interests of human action to absorb his thoughts, and for the fulfilment of his expressed wish that he might be "doing" rather than dreaming or writing of dreams. Born in 1840, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt was the son of an officer in the Grenadier Guards, who had served with Sir John Moore in Spain. When Mr. Blunt was about ten years old, his mother became a Catholic under the influence of Cardinal Manning, and he himself was sent to Stonyhurst College, whence he shortly proceeded, in the year 1854, to Oscott, a college of which Monsignor Weedall was then the head, and where the Master of Philosophy was a distinguished divine, with whom in after years Mr. Blunt conducted a controversy, published as the "Letters of Proteus and Amadeus," and edited by Mr. Aubrey de Vere. The college and the persons therein depicted are those of Oscott and its professors, naturally under feigned names. It was as "Proteus" that the younger writer was to make, a little later, an appearance in more serious literature—more serious, that is, in point of literary workmanship, though not, of course, in the subjects under discussion. In the meantime, diplomacy and travel occupied some of those "rebellious years," of which the undercurrents were to be celebrated by a sonnet literature all their own. Entering the diplomatic service at the age of eighteen, Mr. Blunt proceeded as attaché to Athens. Thence he went to Frankfort, where, under Sir Alexander Malet, he served with Sir Edward Malet, and Mr. Labouchere, and Lord Lothian; Madrid was his next station, and there the young diplomatist, finding nothing very exciting in copying despatches, made some proficiency as an amateur bull-fighter. At Paris, Mr. Blunt served under Lord Cowley; and Lisbon was made memorable to him by the congenial companionship of Lord Lytton. Frankfort was also

made memorable to him, but in a less agreeable way ; for it was there, in 1866, during the campaign of Sadowa, that he had a severe illness of the lungs, from which he remained more or less an invalid for some years, only escaping the fate of his brother and his sister—death from consumption—by wild travelling and sleeping in the open air. For such adventures and diversions he had much opportunity when, as Secretary of Legation, he proceeded to South America, crossing the Pampas before the days of railroads, and forming his taste for the dangers and difficulties of exploration. That taste was shared to the full by the lady whom Mr. Blunt married in 1869, shortly after his return to England. This was Lady Anne Isabella Noel, who has a higher claim to fame than that which rests on her granddaughter's relationship with Lord Byron, as the devoted companion of her husband's travels, of his sympathies with alien races, and of his toils and sacrifices for their welfare.

It was Lord Lytton who first urged Mr. Blunt to write ; and the result of that perhaps welcome exhortation was seen in certain "Sonnets and Songs," which, still under advice from the same friend, were published in 1875. These were followed, six years later, by the "Love Sonnets of Proteus," the publication of which gave Lord Lytton the opportunity of hailing his friend as "A New Love Poet" in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. Resembling Shakespeare in manner, and in their matter not without suggestions of Rousseau, these sonnets are likely to remain unique in our literature, for they are marked—as is all true poetry—by a thoroughly distinguishing note. In their case that note may be pronounced to be a sincerity of the intellect. Much other intellectual poetry has been written, but no other, to our knowledge, in which the poet's mind has recollected itself so intimately, yet so candidly. In many poems, too, is to be found sincerity of the heart ; but such sincerity of the intellect as that of Proteus is a rare quality. And by sincerity we do not intend to express mere truthful-

ness—artistic sincerity is a more subtle quality than that ; it varies hugely with the capacity of the poet. For instance, we all know writers who always write their measure of truth with perfect integrity and candour, but who have no capacity whatever for the smallest scrap of artistic sincerity. Proteus's capacity for it is, on the contrary, very large. And his emotion is of that involuntary kind which is distinctively masculine, and thus a rarity in the "double-natured" character of poets, for whom Tennyson claims a fusion of manly and womanly qualities. Proteus is double-natured in no such sense, nor are his verses adapted—

"pour les jeunes filles
Dont on coupe le pain en tartines."

They treat of personal matters with an unreserve which has doubtless raised many questions as to the discreetness of their publication. It is not from the love-sonnets, therefore, that we prefer to quote, but from the noble strain which closes the volume with a vibrating note of patriotic emotion. An Englishman, whose sympathetic intellect is large enough to comprehend the thoughts of the more distant races, is generally accused of an uncitizen-like indifference to the glories, if not to the very welfare, of his mother country ; but such accusations should find their answer in this sonnet on Gibraltar :—

"Seven weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride into still water and the calm
Of a sweet evening screened by either shore
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
Our exile is accomplished. Once again
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.
Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules
And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this door
England stands sentry. God ! to hear the shrill
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze
And at the summons of the rock-gun's roar
To see her red coats marching from the hill."

Mr. Blunt retired from diplomacy about the time of his marriage. The first considerable journey which he made in company with his wife was in Spain, which they traversed entirely on horseback, and where, on one occasion, they were arrested as Carlists, and ran some risk of being summarily shot. They next visited Turkey, and explored the mountainous districts of north-western Asia Minor—the birthplace of their intimate study of Eastern politics and of Eastern thought. This journey was followed by one to Algeria, where the travellers crossed on camels the great Halfa Plateaux south of the Atlas, reached the Jebel Amur, and passed thence by the Oued Jeddi to Bishara—a really serious undertaking, the successful accomplishment of which emboldened them for a further course of desert exploration. Thus, in the winter of 1876, after spending some weeks in Egypt, they together visited Mount Sinai, and followed, without guides, a hazardous route by Akabah to Gaza, twice nearly perishing on the road, once by thirst and once by an attack of robber Bedouins. Arriving in safety at Jerusalem, however, their appetite for adventure was only whetted; and, two years later, they descended the Euphrates and crossed Mesopotamia and the Great Syrian Desert, visiting the horse-breeding tribes of the Anazeh and Shammah, a graphic account of whose manners and customs is given by Lady Anne Blunt in her “Bedouins of the Euphrates.” From these tribes her husband purchased a score of Arab mares, the nucleus of the stud of pure-bred Arabians now at Crabbet Park, the family property in Sussex, to which Mr. Blunt succeeded on the death of his brother in 1872. It was in consequence of the formation of this stud—the first of its kind in England, and of the article about it which its owner published in the *Nineteenth Century*, that the Jockey Club took up the question of Arab racing, and decided for an Arab race at Newmarket.

A journey more adventurous and more significant than any

which had preceded it has been recorded by Lady Anne in her "Pilgrimage to Nejd." Starting from Damascus, the travellers, whose outward aspect it would have been difficult to distinguish from that of Easterns, went southward six hundred miles over the great sand desert to the Central Plateaux of Arabia, and were received as guests, at Haïl, by the Wahhabite Emir, Mahommed Ibn Raschid. Thence they travelled for upwards of a month with the Persian pilgrimage from Mecca—a quite unique journey, on which they mixed and were admitted as English Christians among the pious Mahommedan crowd. In this way they reached Bagdad, and, passing through Suristan, at length touched the Persian Gulf and India. The experiences there gained will be followed up and increased by the tour on which Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt set forth only a few days ago, and which embraces, besides a visit to Egypt and a passing call on Arabi and his fellow exiles at Ceylon, a sojourn of study among the Moslems of Northern India.

The "Future of Islam" is still regarded by Mr. Blunt with some of that happy confidence which found expression in the papers contributed, in the first instance, to the *Fortnightly Review*, and since collected in a volume. Those hopes, which are based on observation, and which hold within their range a reform among the Mahommedans, of whom there are over forty millions among the subjects of the Queen in India alone—a momentous reform in which Great Britain is destined to play a momentous part—were dashed to the ground, but were not dissipated, by the unhappy events of 1882. The picture Mr. Blunt has drawn has been hailed by Englishmen as an interesting one, and as an accurate one by Mahommedans themselves, to whom the author addresses a word of graceful apology. "A stranger and a sojourner among them," he says of himself, "has ventured on an exposition of their domestic griefs, and has occasionally

touched the ark of their religion with what will seem to them a profane hand ; but his motive has been throughout a pure one, and he trusts that they will pardon him in virtue of the sympathy with them which must be apparent in every line that he has written. He has predicted for them great political misfortunes in the immediate future, because he believes that these are a necessary step in the process of their spiritual development ; and he believes in the hour of political resurgence. In the meantime he is convinced that he serves them best by speaking what he holds to be the truth regarding their situation. Their day of empire has all but passed away, but there remains to them a day of social independence better than empire. Enlightened, reformed and united in sympathy, Mussulmans need not fear political destruction in their original homes, Arabia, Egypt, and North Africa ; and these must suffice them as a dar el Islam till better days shall come. If the author can do anything to help them to preserve that independence they may count upon him freely within the limits of his strength, and he trusts to prove to them yet his sincerity in some worthier way than by the publication of these first essays." If Mr. Blunt is as accurate when he predicts a bright social future for Islam, as he was when he predicted a speedy political misfortune, he will deserve to be a prophet with honour even in his own land.

This knowledge of the Eastern character, like almost all knowledge, was of slow growth. The different journeys, of which we have given the dull itinerary, were all pregnant to this Englishman. What they taught him, and what they failed to teach him, he has told in his own vivid manner. On the first tour he learned to love the desert, but did not learn to love the Arabs. He passed their camps "as one blind," hearing their voices, but knowing neither their language nor their thoughts. "I knew them as tourists know them, and, because I knew

nothing of what they were saying, I distrusted them. I thought they lied." The second journey—that which took him to Egypt—taught him some of the language and much besides. Among the Teaha tribe, he became for the first time really interested in the strange sons of Ishmael. "A Bedouin youth there made me the confidant of an affair of his heart. He dictated to me a love-letter in which he declared that he would die if the father of the girl refused to give her for the three camels he had offered. Then I began to suspect that these wild people were men with like passions with ourselves." Furthermore, the traveller entrusted to his servants the task of taking his camels to Cairo to sell them. "Six months later I received the full price, and it struck me that some Arabs at least were as honest as ourselves. Still I knew nothing." The third journey, however, ended his apprenticeship, and his impressions are concentrated in the sonnet set on the title-page of his wife's "Bedouins of the Euphrates."

"Children of Shem ! First born of Noah's race,
And still for ever children ; at the door
Of Eden found, unconscious of disgrace
And loitering on while all are gone before ;
Too proud to dig ; too careless to be poor ;
Taking the gifts of God in thanklessness,
Not rendering aught, nor supplicating more,
Nor arguing with Him when he hides His face.
Yours is the rain and sunshine, and the way
Of an old wisdom by our world forgot,
The courage of a day which knew not death.
Well may we sons of Japhet in dismay
Pause in our vain mad fight for life and breath,
Beholding you. I bow and reason not."

He now began to trust where he had mistrusted ; to understand and to sympathize. He began to distinguish the truth of Orientals and their falsehood. They deceived him still a while, but he knew they were deceiving ; and soon they

deceived him no longer. Then the pilgrimage to Nejd revealed to him a higher phase of Arab life than that of the desert. Sir Edward Malet, the old friend from whom, as from other old friends, he was soon to be estranged, met him and his wife at Damascus, and nearly accompanied them on the journey. "And I have often thought," says Mr. Blunt, "with what a different eye he would have viewed the subsequent struggle for liberty at Cairo, had circumstances allowed him to see Arabian liberty with us. The sight of a free native population in the heart of the desert might have inspired him with the thought, which has ever since been mine, of aiding the Mussulman nations to learn self-government, and shake off the yoke of strangers, and regenerate their social life. Sir Edward would have been listened to, as I have not been; and England, instead of crushing, might have nursed this infant freedom, giving autonomy to the southern, as Russia had given it to the northern, provinces of the Ottoman Empire."

But this was not to be; and the almost pathetic allusion which Mr. Gladstone recently made to the dangers of a Government's trust in consular and diplomatic opinions, yet its powerlessness to oppose or to ignore them, receives half its point from the events of 1882. The story of that campaign in which England won a material victory, but suffered a moral defeat, is too new and too true to need recapitulation here. We know, most of us, what happened; how the war party in the Cabinet mistook for a military rising a national movement; how it persuaded itself (and, as will one day be shown, persuaded, up to a certain point, even Mr. Bright against his own conviction) that there were only some half-dozen Egyptians dissatisfied with the pitiful condition of their country, and that these, at first sight of our ironclads, would be given up by the contented populace to Great Britain, the Deliverer; but how, when we got there, we found on the one side a united nation, and on the

other the Khedive and his six English footmen ; how, professing we fought partly to maintain the neutrality of the Canal, we were ourselves the sole violators of it ; how the Government which was quick to decry Arabi before the war, and found out too late that it had made a huge mistake—had misjudged his character and misconceived his aims—yet left his life to be saved at a private expenditure of nearly £4,000 by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt—who, had it listened to him, would have saved it as many millions ; and how, finally, as a last triumph of mockery, we offer to this conquered people the constitution they fought solely to win, and virtuously give them votes, but only on condition they use them as we ordain, so that if the return of Arabi (the one event which they who know tell us can give peace to Egypt) be voted for, why, then, an English army must again go forth to slay fellaheen, and, returning, make for London the pageant of a half-holiday. Some of those who witnessed on one Saturday last winter, that singular exhibition of every feeling which is antagonistic to the Gospel we duly went to hear on the next day in the churches, have strange thoughts about it. And perhaps to at least one Cabinet Minister, as he looked from a window in Whitehall at the long procession and listened to the cheers of the multitude, there came to memory the words of a great moralist whom we have already quoted :—“When events turn out so much better for a man than he has had reason to dread, is it not a proof that his conduct has been less foolish and blameworthy than it might otherwise have appeared ? When we are treated well, we naturally begin to think that we are not altogether unmeritorious, and that it is only just we should treat ourselves well, and not mar our own good fortune.” So be it ! But there will still be those, and the historian of the future will surely be among them, who would rather have been Mr. Wilfrid Blunt on that day than the smiling Secretary of State for War, and who regret that in those graves in Egypt

are buried not only brave Englishmen and the patriots who died gladly in the attempt to defend their homes from the presence of the unknown and distrusted invader, but also the hopes once reposed in the wisdom of English statesmanship, in the foresight of Parliament, and in the popular sense of chivalry and honour.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

The Yellow Trade in the Last Century.

THE social and courtly incidents of few periods of history have been presented to us so vividly as those of the reigns of Anne and the Georges. With the searching lantern of a Hervey or a Selwyn, and the keen knife of a Hogarth, we can cut open and illuminate all the dark corners of the town life of those days, and can catch many a brilliant reflection from the Court that was thronged by the belles and the men of pleasure. We have followed the great world in its diversions at Vauxhall and Ranelagh; have bowled with the dukes at Marylebone; have criticized, with Siliander and Patch, the fine ladies from the window of the coffee-house at St. James's; perhaps have sat at the basset-table with Smilinda and Cardelia; and have taken bohea with the Snakes at the toilettes of the Sneerwells. We have heard the shrill cries of the link-boys as they ran alongside the sedan with my lady on her way to the opera, and have hurried as we returned lest we fell into the hands of the Mohocks or were seized upon by the Press. We know, too, the little circle of wits and politicians at Will's, and have seen the Spectator in the chair that Dryden had abandoned, or have found him hidden behind his paper at Child's, or, perhaps, have met him with Sir Roger as they came down from Soho to take an airing in the park. We have attended, all of us, at the rake's levée, and have followed him in the train of his pleasures, to their grim and impotent end. In short, wherever we look in that century, from the beginning of it to the end, by the light of contemporary records, diaries, letters, memoirs, satires, plays and news sheets innume-

rable, we know most thoroughly what a bright, gay, witty, hollow, wicked, miserable century it was.

But there was another kind of life going on in England at that time, which has more concern with the history of it than all the whims and oddities of the fops and belles, than all the poetry of the Della Crusians, than all the love-making that fluttered the doves of the maids of honour of Queen Caroline. And of this life most of us know very little indeed. Addison guided the culture of his time, and Johnson gave the tone to the learning of his ; Burke and Pitt were leaders of statesmen ; but what were the men for whom Burke pleaded and for whom Pitt worked ? The millions who filled the English counties had a life also : they were born, were brought up with more or less education, struggled through their lives, tilled their soil, garnered their harvests, wove their cloth, laughed and cried, got drunk or were sober, and so at last came to their end ; but in what manner they did these things it would puzzle most of us to say. The life that was led in those days by the labouring poor was hard and rugged enough ; but it had plenty of vigour in it. Their days were long and heavy, and they had not many luxuries, and ate meat rarely ; but they had plenty of beer, and they drank it too. If a man in London could be made drunk, as was advertised, for a penny, his brother in the country was not worse off ; for, somehow, though he was very poor, he was drunk very often.

At the period when this state of things was drawing to a conclusion, when the vehicle of State, unskilfully driven, gave out fearful creaks and groans from its dilapidated wheels, until at length it became necessary to repair them, George the Third was still in the early years of his reign. The American colonies threw off the yoke that had oppressed them ; and Walpole no longer inquired for a victory every morning. It was, in fact, one of those times when "the old order changeth, yielding place to new ;" and in the new order of things

it was scarcely any longer possible for a man to be troubled with the "spleen" or his wife with the "vapours;" for him to be a Corydon or for her to be a Phyllis; or for either of them to do many of the things that were done when "Heaven and Anna blessed Britannia's isle." Yet it was an interesting period, nevertheless, inasmuch as it was the birth-time of modern things; and because, being so, it had many characteristics which were noteworthy and strange. It was the fate of the unhappy king to bring the country, to which he wished so well, from a position of great power down to the very verge of ruin. It was then that the liberties of the people were most determinedly assailed; and that political corruption ruled in the high places, while crime and disaffection spread abroad through the country.

Among the crimes of the age, one of the most characteristic was the coining, clipping and defacing of the currency of the realm,—a crime which, in its chief seat at any rate, the West Riding of Yorkshire, assumed a position of such importance that the whole country was either corrupted or terrified by it, and the recollection of it lingers yet in the country places, where the recital by the winter fire, of the deeds done in those dark days, still calls forth many a shudder in the descendants of those who were concerned in them. The West Riding of Yorkshire, and more particularly that portion of it lying upon the confines of Lancashire, was then a secluded and little known region. It was cut off from easy communication on the west by a range of high hills and barren moors, over which the rugged roads, whose cyclopean foot-stones had many of them been laid long centuries before by the Romans, afforded a difficult approach from Rochdale and Manchester. The headwaters of the Wharfe, the Calder, and the Aire are found in these western hills, running in narrow valleys or "cloughs" amidst the heather-clad heights; lower down, with increased volume of water, they flow in winding vales under wooded slopes or craggy projections, and here and there are joined by tributary

brooks whose peat-stained water has danced in many a picturesque nook amongst the ferns, and rushed over many a pile of moss-grown stones. As one looks up these winding valleys, the long rounded hills which descend into them are seen to overlap one another as they recede in the distance; and a long blue line of mountain-rim forms the visible horizon. As the waters run eastward the valleys assume a more pastoral character as they widen, and if they lose much of their rugged grandeur, the river margins are yet overlooked, where the corn grows upon them, by wooded knolls of marked character and beauty.

On the slopes of these winding valleys there stood, when George the Third was king, numbers of quaint old houses, grey with age and weird with legend, in strange harmony with the hills amidst which they lay. One may see them yet with their huge blocks of millstone grit pierced with deep-set windows of diamond panes, their great gables rising on every side, and their quaint porches with the seats by the door, and the rose-window above to the little chamber within. Rich men had once lived in them, cavaliers or well-to-do merchants; but these were departed, and the anxious toiler alone remained, who placed in the rooms of former gaiety the wooden looms, on which with busy shuttle he wove the cloth for the distant markets of the world. Below in the valleys were the mills where the cloth was dyed, pressed and finished, before it was carried away for sale in the towns by long strings of pack-horses through the country roads. Halifax, Leeds and Bradford were then, as they are yet, the chief seats of the woollen trade in England; but they were quiet towns, nevertheless, with their quaint overhanging houses of timber, with here and there a Georgian house, the result of modern opulence, in their narrow streets, with their piece-halls and cloth-halls, where the merchants transacted their business with one another, and on market days the retail trader offered his wares to visitors from all the country

side. At Halifax they chiefly made, as a traveller tells us, shalloons and kerseys, each to the extent of some 100,000 pieces a year ; and of the latter sort one merchant profited to the amount of £60,000 in a year, so great was the demand for clothing for the troops abroad. Broad cloths and narrow cloths they also made, black for Portugal and blue for Turkey; blood-red cloths for Italy and blue ones for Norway; deep-coloured says for Guinea, which were packed in oilskin and painted with negroes and elephants to captivate the natives, and perhaps, as Pennant quaintly says, "One of these bundles and a bottle of rum may be the price of a man in the infamous traffic." The people who made these cloths in their rude home amongst the hills were of a hardy and rugged nature, and of an enterprising one, too. Jovial they were in their own strange way amongst themselves, but they admitted few into their fellowship. There was little in the changeless round of their spinning and weaving to elevate or refine them, and the merchants whom they met were not, perhaps, many degrees better than themselves. As Jonathan Thrasher, Esquire, sat drinking in the alehouse with the constable, so the man of money (and sometimes his wife) might often at that time have been seen, sitting in the country public-house, with those much beneath him in position. It is probable that he was generally of the type of Mr. Western ; and not one of those who had caught a reflection of the gay town life, had dabbled a little in poetry, and made the grand tour. And so the people at large were generally corrupted, addicted to drunkenness, familiar with crime, and altogether miserable and poor.

It fell, then, that this people, in its poverty and depression, with an unscrupulous wit and a serviceable hand, with ample means and opportunity also, became apt and skilful at the clipping and coining, with cunning workmanship, of the currency of the realm, which was practised with such boldness and long-continued success that it was looked upon as a regular

trade ; and, from the furtive resource of desperate men, was elevated, in the minds of the people, into a respectable branch of commerce. But it was far from being the first time that criminal acts have been made in popular consideration the occasions of much praise and guerdon. It would seem, however, that the "yellow trade" was not indigenous in Yorkshire, but had been imported from Birmingham, where it had long flourished in full perfection. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, one David Hartley, afterwards himself so celebrated amongst the coiners that he received the appellation of "King David," chanced to be journeying in that county, where it fell that he met with certain men deep in the nefarious art, from whom his criminal aptitude quickly enabled him to obtain it. Returning, then, to his native county, "King David" imparted the secret he had learned to a number of desperate men of his fellowship, and these to their trusty friends disclosed the mysteries of the same. With practice the art became easy, and in a few years was so widely spread, that numbers of hardened sinners made their livelihood by it, and, as the indictments phrase it, "certain pieces of false, feigned, and counterfeit money, to the likeness and similitude of the good legal and current coin of this realm, unlawfully and feloniously did make and coin, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of our Lord the King, his crown and dignity." The tools required to prosecute the trade were neither numerous nor expensive. It was enough for the beginner to be possessed of a good pair of scissors and a file. With the former he deftly clipped a thin rim from the edge of his guinea, which was then milled by pressure upon the file, and the fragments remaining were material for the manufacture of other coin. To make a guinea required a little practice. The workman put his clippings on the fire in an iron pot, and they were melted at a proper temperature produced by the means of such a pair of bellows as

his ingenuity had been able to devise. A piece of brass, with a hole in the centre to receive the molten gold, was used as a mould for the "blank," which was hammered out to the proper dimensions, and then received the impression from a pair of stamps. The stamps were small square pieces of steel fitting together, with the obverse and reverse of the coin engraved upon them. The coin produced in this way was, in many ways, as good as the current coin ; but there were a few more adventurous workmen, who betook themselves to plating and silvering inferior metals. The coins most generally counterfeited were guineas, and half and quarter-guineas, pieces of thirty-six shillings, twenty-seven shillings, thirteen-and-sixpence, and six-and-ninepence, together with certain Portuguese coins made current by proclamation ; but shillings, and even halfpence, were imitated. All this seems simple enough, and it might have gone on without very disastrous effects if it had depended upon those alone who practised it.

But unhappily it brought with it much greater evils, in demoralizing the manufacturing districts of England, and it led to most desperate and hideous crimes. It would have availed the rough coin-maker little to be able to clip money and make guineas, if he had been unable to procure money to clip or gold to fashion. And it speaks ill for the morality of the people that guineas were to be had in plenty for the nefarious trade. There was money in quantity in the country, in the hands of merchants and manufacturers, and many of these found means to utilize the possession of it. If they could part with their gold to the coiners, and receive it back, reduced it is true, but passable yet, with a substantial return for the loan, why should they not lend it ? And they did lend it too ; and so the trade went on merrily and prosperously for all concerned. Imagine, then, the state of a country where the substantial merchant derived advantage from the crime of his labourer, and was to some extent collegued with him. What respect was there for the

law, or what security for its officers? Very little indeed, as we shall see. In those wild valleys of the Calder, and from those old halls forlorn of their majesty, resounded often at nightfall the ring of the coiner's hammer, where he, as fabled yet in the fearful tales of his countrymen, like some demoniac Cyclops carried on his mysterious labour.

Often, it is said, the ministers of the law watched secretly the work of the coiners, powerless and afraid to attempt their punishment. But there came a time when this coining was so widespread, and the demoralization so general, that forcible means were directed from high quarters to check them both. The Mint, whose privileges and duties had been infringed, sent down into Yorkshire an officer, Deighton by name, specially to protect its rights, and bring to justice those who had traversed them; and this officer fixed his residence at Halifax, which was the centre and head-quarters of the corruption. The work that lay before him was by no means slight, for he had to deal with desperate and remorseless men banded together for a common end, whose sympathizers were very numerous in the villages around, and who, moreover, if not protected, were at least not discouraged by many of their betters whose interest coincided with them. But Deighton was a man of swift and vigorous action, and soon, by the strength of his policy and the fertility of his resource, he made the law felt in an unaccustomed way. It is alleged that often, indeed, the means he adopted were justified only by the end he attained, for bribery was freely made use of to cause dissension in the criminal circles, whereby the actors in them were at times disclosed. It was in this way that he aimed at the head miscreant of the gang, "King David," who was committed to York Castle on the information of one Broadbent, which was given under promise of a gift of 100 guineas. This witness afterwards repented of his temerity, and declaring the falsity of his charge, made two journeys to York to procure the release of the prisoner, in which he was unsuc-

cessful, for the miserable "king" was executed in the following year. The events of which we speak took place in 1769. While Broadbent was working to undo his action, a terrible plot devised by the brother of his victim bore fruit in the murder of Deighton. By means of a forged letter the unfortunate officer was delayed on his return home until a late hour at night, and in a narrow way two assassins lay in wait for him, and he was thus despatched by a shot. The miscreants who executed the deed looked upon the action as a glorious one, and contended amongst themselves for the honour of it. They received as their reward 100 guineas, collected in the neighbouring country amongst their confederates and sympathizers; and were welcomed on their return from the scene of the crime at a supper prepared in their honour. A reward of £200, offered to bring about the commitment of the murderers, did not for a long time answer its purpose, but at length the whole details of the plot were disclosed, and long after, on the Beacon hill which rises above the town of Halifax, there hung in warning on the gallows the two assassins—their fleshless fingers pointing to the spot where the deed was done. But, before this was accomplished, the horror that filled the country was aggravated by other diabolical crimes. The *Annual Register* for January, 4, 1771, contains an account of an event which took place at Heptonstall, where a poor fellow who had offered to give evidence against the murderers of Deighton was set upon by a gang of coiners, who thrust his head into the fire, placed a pair of red-hot tongs round his neck, and put him to other dreadful barbarities until he died in the greatest agony. It will afford a curious picture of the inner life of the country people at that time, that in the midst of these horrors a man attempted to defraud the widow of "King David" of £20, under the pretence that he had paid that sum as a bribe to the country solicitor of the Mint to procure the acquittal of her husband.

Voluminous records of these events, and of many more such,

are in the hands of Mr. F. A. Leyland of Halifax, from whose memoranda these circumstances are extracted. The story of crime which they reveal is a part of the history of England. In studying our past we were at one time accustomed to look only for its battles and sieges, and we have of recent days paid attention more to its constitutional aspects; but a truer picture of the life of the people, which is the beginning of historic events, may be gained from such studies as the one before us. The conclusion of it is sad enough; and the cause of it, perhaps sadder, is to be found in the long years in which a rude people was left uncared for, to fight against poverty with its own sharp and undisciplined wit.

JOHN LEYLAND.

Empire or Fellowship ?

A FORECAST.

EMPIRES have come and gone in the world's history before now ; but though the ruin and the dismemberment may be swift at last, in each case there has first been the slow decay and the change—the sight of slackening energies and of feeble hands failing from the sceptre. There has never yet been a people that has consciously grown tired of empire ; or, having tasted the sweets of supremacy and dominion, has willingly laid them down. And yet among the forces which at the present hour are working for the breaking-up of the empire of Britain, the chief is assuredly not any diminution of energy or want of strength or any form of fear or weakness at all. If the widest and most enduring empire the world has known is destined to pass away, and the great dependencies of Britain are to separate from her, leaving her only an isle half lost in the mist of her own seas, it will probably not be because the English of the motherland lacked the power or the wealth to hold them.

In truth, the taking of many cities has ceased to be among the ideal glories of the race, and what the statesman of the future has to face is a distinct disinclination on the part of the English people to take up the burden of the ruling of other lands. This, no doubt, is partly due to the fact that the responsibilities of wide dominion have been brought home to them, but it is also due to the silent moral growth which makes all ruling seem distasteful, and lets us hope that at last the desire for fellowship shall drive out the wish for empire. And the recognition of this great moral fact, that we are ceasing to prize the right to govern, has an immediate and direct bearing when we

are thinking not only of the expansive powers of the British Empire, but also upon the chances of its continuance. In quite a multitude of ways we are being daily made aware that men are more and more given to question the need or the gain of our direction of other peoples. The knowledge that a handful of masterful Englishmen hold down millions in Asia, has long ago ceased to be in itself satisfying. The time was when that thought would have been soothing to the national vanity, and when the fact that the Indian Empire meant posts of honour and profit and trust to English youths, would have made any inquiry as to its natural fitness or righteousness one of a high superfluity. Now we recognize indeed that we hold India only by the tenure of the sword—the national hypocrisy has not yet come to doubt that—but still we are eager to justify ourselves, and in a thousand ways are for ever proving, not to the stranger but to ourselves, that we are ruling the people to their own well-being. With a just pride we point out that everywhere beneath the shadow of the sceptre of the Queen there is a Roman peace and equal law, and then with some complacency we think of the fierce hill tribes held in check, and we picture to ourselves the strife and the tyranny there would be if our power were to fail. But always uppermost and running through the most triumphant demonstration, is the feeling that unless our yielding India would make the lot of its people harder, we have no right there. Only the other day, while defending the propriety of making India bear a part of the cost of the war in Egypt, Mr. Gladstone from his place in the House of Commons said, amid answering cheers :—

The question we have to ask is whether it is for the benefit of India that she should be attached to this country, and whether or not you are conscientiously endeavouring to govern her for her own benefit. If we are not endeavouring to govern India for her own benefit, if we are endeavouring to make the resources of India auxiliary to the greatness of this country ; why, then, we cannot make up for so gross an iniquity by the trumpery proposal of giving half a million to the people of India. We ought to walk out of India

—and the sooner the better—unless we are prepared to manage the affairs of India for the benefit of the people of India.

Surely we may ask, was there ever a people that did its conquering on that principle before?—that overran and held the lands of other peoples for the good of the conquered? The theory, and even the pretence of it, is new to the world, and marks a moral revolution. Mr. Gladstone, amid the applause of legislators, declares that to make the resources of a subject-land auxiliary to the greatness of the ruling people is “a gross iniquity,” and yet that is a mild way indeed of describing the uses to which subject-lands have commonly been turned, and with approval of all. Nor can Mr. Gladstone’s words be dismissed as the *obiter dictum* of a single statesman. The whole of our recent legislation in India has been the acting out of the conviction that our presence there needs justification in the blessings it may bring. We have stimulated political capacity to the sure ruin of our own supremacy by granting a free vernacular press. We have made sacrifices—not considerable, but still some sacrifices—for native education, and done so while facing, with fullest foresight, the fact that the first question which must leap to the lips of the races we are teaching to think will be, by what right we rule. Nor will this seem a light thing to those who are mindful of the way in which, in every age, political helots have been treated. As a modern instance, we may point to the laws which prevailed in some of the Southern States, making it actually penal to teach a slave-child to read or write; and this was done, not in the dark ages, but in our own time; not by benighted foreigners, but by men with English lineage, and men whose heroism in later years set the world wondering. It has been reserved, however, for the policy which, rightly or wrongly, is associated with the name of Lord Ripon, to push this system to the point beyond which it can hardly pass while there is still left any kind of acknowledgment of English mastery.

Nor is it only in the case of India that this carelessness of empire, apart from the good it may bring to the ruled, is beginning to be felt. We have yielded the isles to Greece, and Cephalonia and Zante and the rest of the Ionian group are now part of Hellas, only because their people were thought to prefer Hellas to Britain. In later times we have withdrawn from Afghanistan and given back Candahar. The sneer of Prince Bismarck, that only a nation in its dotage gave up territory without compulsion, was a little misplaced, and came of his inability to grasp one of the most living of the spiritual forces of his time. But the strength of this unwillingness to recognize any right to govern except in the will of the governed, and the hold it has taken upon the national conscience, is best illustrated by our conduct towards the Transvaal. Here was not a case of surrender made in peace, but a surrender made in the presence of military defeat. The Transvaal was given up, not because, but in spite, of the disaster at Majuba. It might have been thought that the shame which had come upon the English arms would have called out in the nation something of the old fierce impulse to "rise and rend the renders;" and the cry did go forth for the war that should wipe out what seemed disgrace. But forbearance is the prerogative of the strong, and the passion passed away; and the nation was content to feel—surely the hardest thing any nation can feel—that its gallant dead had died in vain, and its war had been waged because some one had blundered. Once more, in another part of South Africa, but only after long reluctance, and constrained by stress of supposed obligations to the Orange Free State, we have consented to govern the Basutos, but no part of the nation has welcomed the obligation, or thought of it as anything but a hateful duty. On the other side of the globe, the people of Australia, still representing the youth of the world, and, to some extent, the virtues and the failings of a ruder time, are angrily chafing because the English of the

motherland can see neither gain nor glory in annexations in the Pacific.

We may accept it then as a settled fact, and a fact to be taken careful count of in any reckoning of the moral forces of the world, that the people of England have ceased to be flattered by the thought of empire. Their own strength they prize, perhaps as they never prized it, but they no longer prize it because it helps them to lord it over others. Power to hold their own, to strike in and right the wrong, is still cared for ; but we have outgrown the state of mind which makes possible a national lusting after the hideous form of supremacy which consists in governing unwilling peoples. But side by side with this moral repulsion for empire, and of happiest augury for the future of the world, is a growing craving in the mind of the nation for closer fellowship, and specially with the peoples that are akin to it. With the failing force of the desire for political headship has come a sort of indifference to political bonds of all kinds. In a very remarkable way, we may then see reproduced among our own people a state of feeling which was once familiar to the world, but which perished ages ago, killed by circumstance. In all modern times, unity beneath a single sceptre—or some sort of political unity—has been held to constitute the only unity of peoples ; and, if that unity were broken, then all other ties, however abiding and however strong, would go for nothing. Before the obnoxious tea was cast into the harbour of Boston the thirteen colonies were thought of as part of a wider England ; but when, after successful revolt, the political connexion was broken and the supremacy of the motherland disappeared, they were thought of as a people apart. And this notion that the only unity was political unity—obedience to a common authority—led to what now seems a quite foolish estimate of its value, and made men willing to strike and endure for what appeared to be the only alternative to standing by while those who were kindred with them were becoming as the alien and

the stranger. So completely did this thought, that the position of a colony must involve acknowledgment of some sort of political headship in the motherland, take hold of men's minds, that a nation's "colonies" came to be equivalent in common speech to a nation's "possessions." In this way, from long custom, we still reckon, or at least talk of, the almost independent and wholly self-governing colonies of Australia as among "the British possessions."

But if to our fathers it seemed of the nature of things that the relation between motherland and colony should be one of supremacy and dependence, there was once a time when to the civilized world it seemed just as natural that the motherland and her colony should be at once equal and independent. To the political student of to-day there is strong interest in thus tracing the existence, in an earlier stage of the world's history, of a feeling which is now working so freshly in our own. We find that in the thoughts of its people Greece, in the old time, was in no way local. Wherever Hellenes passed, in whatever land they dwelt, there was Hellas. The ties of blood and speech and common gods were enough, and political bonds were not heeded. The old city feeling which was answerable for so much of what seems to us the strange separateness and independence of the Greeks, in no way prevented them from remembering that, however divided among themselves, in the face of the Barbarian—that is, of the whole outer world—they were one. There were rivalries and jealousies and long wars and much cruelty among the States of Greece, but not the less the Spartan refused to save Lacedæmon from the sword of the Athenian by calling in the aid of the Persian. And it was this stress which was laid upon the bond of kinship, and this indifference to any political unity, that made it possible that the Hellenic communities should be increased and Hellas widened in a way which has not been possible for the people of any land in a later time. The scattered Hellenes, wherever they might settle, were still

Hellenes, though owning no sort of allegiance to any of the older States. Thus, though Syracuse sprang from Corinth, it would never have occurred to the Greek mind that Syracuse ought therefore to be subject to Corinth, or would be less likely to care for her and stand by her in the hour of need, because she took her own rank as a separate Greek community. The men of Syracuse remained Hellenes in as true a sense as the men of Corinth, though there was no special tie between them—beyond the sense of reverence there would be from the younger to the older city. For the colonies of Greece were not colonies in the Roman sense, nor yet quite in the English sense. They were not at all like the Roman colonies—garrisons planted in subject-lands—colonies, that is, much in the way that India is spoken of as a colony of Britain ; but lands newly settled by Hellenes, men carrying with them Hellenic speech and Hellenic memories and Hellenic institutions as their Hellenic birthright. But the tiny colonies of Greece differed from the great ones of England in that they were not dependent, but independent, of the land which sent them forth. In any case, we may safely say their dependence or independence was quite accidental to their character of Greek colonies. In other words, the Greeks were careless of political ties which could be broken, and set store by the ties of race which could not. This is a state of things which has never been reproduced by any people, and whether anything like it shall be reproduced by the English-speaking peoples, and whether they, however otherwise parted, shall be one in the sense in which the Hellenic communities were one, is among the widest issues of the future.

That the Greek way of feeling towards colonies has never been reproduced is due, as so much else is due, to the influence and the example of Rome. A Roman colony, as we have seen, was essentially a "possession" of Rome. There was never any pretence that the rule of Rome over the subject-lands was kept up for the good of the ruled. The moral need which

makes us in England put forward that plea for our hold upon India was never felt by the Roman, nay, perhaps we may say, could not be felt by him. The colony was valued only because it meant gain to Rome, and was a place where needy pro-consuls and officials might grow fat—each in his due place and degree. And because words govern thoughts, and phrases do so much to mould morals, when in a later time there came to be colonies in a quite other sense than the Roman sense, they, too, were still thought of as “possessions” in the Roman fashion. We have outlived and outgrown all that—no one now really thinks of the rising peoples of the Pacific as among the “possessions” of the English of the motherland. We are proud of them as great free English communities, but have ceased to think of them as useful to tax. We had odd ways of turning them to profit once, but now we keep our unhanged to ourselves. And so it is even with the colonies which, like those of South Africa, are still in the leading-string stage, we do some of their fighting for them, and lend them administrators, but think of them no longer as “possessions.” As for the rest of the Crown colonies, for the most part they are mere coaling stations, or military stations, needful for the purposes or protection of an extended traffic, or the maintenance of that naval supremacy which alone can make sure the guarding of our own seas.

Still we have not yet come to feel as the Greeks felt. A Greek colony was held to be Hellenic because the men who peopled it were Hellenes, and not because there was any formal political tie between it and the land from which it came. We, on the other hand, are apt to think of that artificial and accidental tie as if it went to the root of the matter; so that if Australia for any reason were to care to insist upon the name as well as the reality of independence, we should be tempted to class her as a foreign power. Already, outside the Empire of Britain, there is a people of English lineage who are the masters of a hemisphere. In the Greek sense of the word, the United

States of America still form a colony of England, but their people would hardly call themselves English, even in the sense in which a body of Greek colonists would have called themselves Hellenes. And it is largely because there is this deep sense of separateness between England and America, because the people of the United States for so many purposes think of the motherland as only an alien power, that we in England set such stress by the constitutional cobwebs which bind us to our still existing colonies. It is hastily assumed that because there has been estrangement between the people of England and the people of America, there would also be estrangement between the homeland and Australia if the political threads were snapped and the political union dissolved. But when the thirteen colonies broke from Britain it was in the days when colonies were still looked upon as "possessions," so that while the rising was resented on the one side as a crime, it was felt needful on the other to insist upon the intolerable nature of the tyranny which alone it seemed could make separation justifiable. And the parting was not in peace; there was the long, cruel strife and much bitterness and heartburning; and for years afterwards the only national memories of America were the memories of the struggle with Britain. What statesmen could do to keep the people apart was amply done; but blood is thicker than water, and above all quarrel the cry of kinship has been heard, and deeper than all difference has been the sense of communion. Even when the relations between the two countries were most strained, the dispute has had something of the nature, and something too of the bitterness, of a family quarrel. When the Civil War broke out in America, each party looked to the land whose good opinion they chiefly cared for, for understanding and sympathy; and then came disappointment at finding that in England men were as much divided as in America itself. If all through those terrible years London, and perhaps the bulk of the leisured classes,

carried away by their admiration for the gallant struggle of the South, sided heart and soul with the Slave States, that was also a time when, as George Eliot phrases it, the universal kinship was asserting itself fiercely—"when women on the other side of the world would not mourn for husbands and sons who died bravely in a common cause, and when men stinted of bread on our side of the world, heard of that willing loss and were patient." All through the Lancashire famine there were thousands who went hungry and in silence rather than join in the clamour bidding Britain go out and by force break the blockade which kept away the cotton which was bread to them. A generation has grown old since then, and happily the animosities which rose from that Titanic strife have on both sides come to be softened and in part forgotten.

Mr. Freeman has pointed out that the essential likeness between the United States and the motherland is obscured from us because of the sharp contrast there is between the relation of the United States and that of the other English peoples towards Great Britain. If ever those other English peoples—in Australia and in Canada and Africa—were to cease to be colonies of Great Britain in the English sense, and become colonies only in the old Greek sense, whatever of evil, the change would have at least this of good, that it would certainly mean some added nearness between England and the United States. Then there would be not two independent English-speaking powers but several, and the kinship and essential likeness among them would be much more easily recognized. Then, too, it might come to pass that they should be separate communities only as the States of Greece were separate communities, and, however separate, ready to join hands in the face of the stranger. And this is the consummation towards which, whether we like it or not, events, and still more the spiritual forces amongst us, are surely tending. We have seen that the lust for dominion is on the wane, and the

titular supremacy now yielded to Britain by her free self-controlling colonies will pass unregretted, one by one, as each comes to political manhood ; each, parting from the homeland in all kindness and goodwill, will take its place among the nations, until the ring of the English people is complete. There is happily no need to hurry this or to anticipate it on either side, and time will deal gently with us ; but we may well school ourselves to face the inevitable, and accept it with what grace we may.

For, however tenaciously we may cling to the political federation which still subsists between a portion of the English-peopled lands, if we will look facts in the face we can hardly help recognizing that that outward constitutional tie is likely to be of dwindling importance. The bonds which bind us to the vigorous young communities of the Pacific or to the Dominion of Canada are light as air yet strong as bonds of iron, but they are not political bonds. The bonds which bind us are bonds which will remain when the political union has gone and perhaps been forgotten, for they are the bonds of our common English birthright—our English past and our English memories, our English freedom and our English institutions, English speech and English law. These things, which our fathers created and won for us, and which we are winning and creating for ourselves, belong as of right to all the English-peopled lands whether owing allegiance to the British Crown or not, and constitute ties which exist quite independently of the forms of government. Thus we know from the emigration statistics that as a matter of fact our people, who year by year are seeking new homes for themselves, are drawn to other lands less by the thought that they shall still work out their lives beneath the flag of the Queen than by the wish still to have their ears gladdened by the large music of English speech—the familiar tones of the tongue of the motherland. Thus more people go year after year from England to settle in the United States of

America than to all the so-called "British possessions" put together.

As it is with emigration so it is with commercial intercourse. The cry goes that "Trade follows the flag," but it is a cry that is true only as far as the flag may generally represent the race. The men who left Britain to settle in America or Australia or Africa carried with them English ways and English wants and English tastes and English standards of living, and all these were best supplied by the British manufacturers, and hence the need for traffic between the homeland and the colony. But that traffic and the need for it are quite independent of any nominal dependence upon Britain. Theory in this case is supported by facts, and we find that there is more trade between England and the country which, though English-peopled, owes no allegiance to Queen Victoria—the United States—than between England and any other country in the world. It is instructive, too, to notice that while British goods form 45 per cent. of the imports into Canada, they are 41 per cent. of the imports into the United States. The greater strength of the home industries in the United States may make the demand for British goods slightly less, but at any rate we may dismiss the notion that diplomatic fictions effect the commercial intercourse of peoples.

And if a moral must be drawn it would seem to be this: that if we are wise we shall bring ourselves steadily to look forward to the time when we shall recall the legions from the lands where alone their presence is needed. Whatever English dominion is held by the sword will be let pass to others. And this truth that the wish for empire is dying, while the need for fellowship is growing, may likewise be well and profitably remembered when we are dealing hereafter with those portions of the Queen's dominions whose allegiance is not forced. There has been talk of a closer political federation between Britain and her self-governing colonies, and to many it would seem a gain. But in reality such schemes only represent in a new

form the old dead way of thought—the way of thought which looked upon colonies as possessions. As far as any thought of material advantage underlies them—as when it was proposed to establish a Zollverein or Great Customs Union for the Empire—they may be counted vain. Canada and Victoria have already stamped out the Zollverein scheme, by decisively refusing to make exception in favour of English goods ; and both tax English and foreign wares with equal impartiality. Men here and there may make pretence of strengthening by new artificial ties the strong natural bonds which bind, and through all change must bind, England to the lands now her colonies ; but such scheming is mainly due to the lingering willingness to keep up a British supremacy—the system of the planet and its satellites.

To us it seems that the true policy is a wider one, and that the highest object of English statesmanship should be, forgetful of any question of political union, to strengthen the real bonds which unite the motherland to the younger communities. We would wish to see all the peoples, sprung from the loins of Britain, whether still bound by political packthread or not, unite in making willing recognition of the common kinship. Geographical distinctions there might be, and we might still hear of the Englishman of Britain or of Australia or America, or of the Canadian or the Africander, just as men used to hear of the Athenian or the Spartan, the Greeks of Argos or of Corinth or Syracuse, all of whom were Hellenes—clinging to a common speech and common glories—the heritage of a divided people. Such an idea is surely better worth striving for than the keeping together of any sword-gotten empire or than a system in which Englishmen figure as the heaven-born rulers of the Caffre or the Hindoo. A strong sense of fellowship between the English peoples would be the best guarantee for its peace and happiness which, at the present, the world could know.

It may be that hereafter we shall recognize wider claims, and that humanity shall take the place of the race. At present cosmopolitanism is a thing talked of, but not felt. It is not strong enough to stir the blood to sacrifice, and we still need something of that narrow, deep sense of belonging which under the guise of love of kindred, or family feeling or patriotism, has so often in the past been the fruitful fount of human heroism, human duty, and human love.

JOHN GEORGE COX.

The Cottage on the Line.

SOUTH MUDLEIGH is my station, though I live half an hour's drive from it in the most picturesque neighbourhood, and twice a day, except for one month in the year, I travel by its line to and from the City.

It is astonishing how habit blunts observation ; there are doubtless as many strange sights, adventures, and studies of character to be noticed on the railroad as of old in the stage-coach, but the modern Gallio, absorbed in his newspaper or novel, cares for none of these things ; he reads too much and sees too little. There is one spot on the way, however, where I always instinctively look up and around ; this must originally have been, I fancy, because the train there for some five minutes or so slackens its speed. It is a strange bit of gorse-grown country, bleak and exposed, with almost wild surroundings, in spite of adjacent fruitfulness of orchards ; a sort of miniature wilderness surrounded by garden-land. In its heart stands a large rambling cottage, which from the first fascinated me. It was very old, gabled, raftered, and inlaid with solid black oak—a veritable roof-tree. Many were the stories its aspect, in the warm summer sunlight, or in the dreary autumn grey, or beneath the moon of springtide, of harvest or of Christmas, set me dreaming ; now it would be a tale of highwaymen and heroic rescue ; now one of ghostly horror ; now one of historic rebellion. It was eloquent as ancient things will be—even by a rushing train.

One day I noticed a face at one of the mysterious dormer windows. It was that of a young girl, and very beautiful. She was quite pale, and her pallor was pellucid and romantic. Her eyes and flowing tresses were dark and wayward ; but her

figure was not visible. There was an enchanting wistfulness in her whole expression.

I felt strangely interested in this heroine, for such I immediately concluded her to be. My feeling was not love (I am a married man), nor was it mere curiosity at first sight; it might have been each, had it not also been the other. Who was she, this lonely inhabitant of desolation, so near the whirl of the steam-engine and the crowd of the City? What meant that sad earnest glance, those floating locks? Was she the victim of some weird oppression, such as sometimes dares the publicity even of this age of the daily press and the electric light? Was she dumbly supplicating some deliverer? Or was she waiting for a gallant, who, "one foot on sea, and one on shore," was cheating the constancy of her solitary heart? She looked an ideal Mariana. Could she—but her mien was too spiritual—be mad? Who were her companions in that quaint cottage, or was she its only occupant? I seemed fated to unriddle the enigma.

After a time her white face appeared to regain a faint flush of health, and her attitude seemed one of relief rather than of expectancy. She appeared to be leaning back against some jutting wainscot, and her long curls had been filleted; a garment, such as I had never before seen, completely swathed her; it was coarse, and of a dark saffron hue; it resembled what I imagine to have been the scriptural sackcloth (which would now no doubt be called an "art fabric"), and I fancied I could almost discern the lightly sprinkled ash-dust on her head. What *could* it all mean?

The longing to catch my glimpses of her and the meditations they caused soon became an absorbing excitement: she was still there the same, though with altered gestures, whenever the steam-engine rattled me past the cottage—an untiring sentinel and, as I thought, of a beauty the more radiant because now so variable.

One lovely moonlight night I almost thought I could descry the old oak furniture of the dimly-illuminated chamber; she was for the first time standing: the coarse garb had been exchanged for one of dainty texture. The dull flicker of the fire shed an unearthly light upon her delicate form, and as she faded from my vision I was sure I could discern the rude grasp of a sinister-looking man upon her arm; my blood curdled—I felt sick with apprehension. Was some awful tragedy being enacted within the full view of a prosaic railway? The idea pursued and fevered me.

I had all this time kept the secret locked in my own breast. My wife was not likely to share my sympathies, for she always thought me somewhat impressionable. I did not choose that my heroine should be derided. And if I was destined to fathom the mystery—a task I had imperceptibly accepted as a duty—I could not find desirable confidants in my acquaintances of the compartment, three season-ticket bores; nor would they have listened, for the *cause célèbre* of the “Borgal Poison Trial,” which had resulted in the condemnation of a young and well-born girl, Lucretia Borgal, under circumstances the most thrilling and atrocious, formed the staple of universal conversation. I alone left unread the petitions for reprieve, the letters commenting on the medical evidence, and the descriptions of the fair prisoner’s innocent demeanour. I was beginning to think that an episode equally breathless and criminal was being enacted under my own eyes.

One dismal rainy morning, as I strained anxiously forward to gain my diurnal sight of the cottage, the face that haunted me was missing. The shutters of her chamber were closed; the tenement seemed deserted. I came instantly to a decision: I would go myself to the cottage that very afternoon.

My best route was by another line, to Waxington, a suburban settlement, and I had a drive of three miles to the cottage. I hardly remember one object on the voyage of exploration.

I could do little but brood on the possibilities. It could not have been long, but it seemed ages before I arrived. What was my disappointment to find the house locked and empty, and my surprise at perceiving a commonplace placard in the little untrimmed garden announcing this desirable residence was to let, and referring possible tenants to a London estate agent. Nothing was to be extracted from the Waxington tradesmen. A gentleman had taken the cottage for six months, paid his bills, and departed ; of a lady they knew nothing. I could scarcely sleep that night, and directly I arrived in town, on the next morning, I drove to the estate agent. My cup ran over when I met, at the threshold of his office, a country cousin who was house-hunting. I explained to her that I was on "important business," and we entered together. "Mr. Diddler would be back in an hour," explained a haggard clerk. I was chagrined, but I would not trust my inquiries to any but the principal alone.

My companion was also annoyed. She had come early to confer with the great man. We were both in the same box. A spare hour was on our hands ; where should we idle it away ? I was on tenter-hooks. "Anywhere you please," I replied. We were close by Baker Street, and in two minutes I found myself a martyr to Madame Tussaud. We entered the "Chamber of Horrors." Suddenly I gave vent to a suppressed shriek. There, clad as I had last seen her, but lacking the enchantment of distance, stood my heroine confronting me. She was the newest addition—Lucretia Borgal—and the cottage was, of course, the quondam abode of the anonymous artist who fabricated her !

I told my gossiping friend that I should postpone my visit to the house agent ; and I betook myself home. If, as my wife affectionately assures me, I have become more common-sensible of late, I owe my reformation to the episode of the Cottage on the Line.

WALTER S. SICHEL.

The Dead Spring.

LIKE Elaine, with small dead hands
On her resting heart,
Cowslip hair in silken bands,
Dreaming lips apart,
Lieth Spring ; in her wan face
Only white wild-rose hath place ;
Eyes of dewy violet,
'Neath their snowdrop lids, forget.
Stilled is her sweet hawthorn breath,
And her kiss is cold in death ;
She hath spilled her life-blood sweet
At her cruel lover's feet.

Ah ! the morning when he came
Down the golden skies,
Flushed her flower-face, all aflame
For his passionate eyes ;
But he turned, nor saw her there ;
For the Summer, brown and fair,
Stood, with eyes of misty grey,
Cheeks like dawning of the day,
Lips like poppies wet with dew,
Sheeny hair of rust-gold hue,—
Went to her, with arms outspread,
And the gentle Spring lay dead.

Now Queen Summer shares his throne ;
She is fair of face ;
But the King hath sigh and moan
For his young love's grace.
Here, her spirit wandereth ;
When the wind doth bring a breath
Honey-sweet, the Spring is nigh,
And she goeth silently
Through the gold walls of the wheat ;
For the love of her white feet
Silken corn-ears bend and break,
The thrush singeth for her sake,
In a wild, long roundelay,
All his passionate heart away.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A Manchester Museum.

A MUSEUM is the outcome of modern life, the confession of the deficient conditions of the modern world ; its beautiful things are a deliberate excuse for general ugliness, its rarities a conscious apology for universal commonness, its unique things for the wholesale productions of the manufactory, its precious things for the enormous and vulgar cheapness of popular possessions. In a beautiful age there would be no museums, the streets would be the academies of architecture, the church and the home the schools of sculpture and of painting ; in its cottages would be studied the beauty of useful form finely adapted to the limitations and demands of invaluable material ; in the palace would be the elegant line and the opulence of ornament ; and everywhere would be good colour, because it requires a certain amount of perverted ingenuity and baleful science in the matter of discoveries in coal tar to produce absolutely bad colours—and they are never natural or accidental. In the beautiful age, everything—sun-bleached linen, or the same web dipped in simple saffron, or silk of its own yellow or dyed with Tyrian blue—would have moderate, restrained, and natural loveliness of tint.

And it is doubtless in recognition of this character of apology and deprecation which is to be predicated of the museum, that most people are sensible of a dreariness on entering the courts which contain things separated from their uses, disunited from the surroundings which belong to them, and from that kind of inanimate companionship, contrast, and difference which should form the composition of still life in the universal picture. In a word, the mind is apt to be oppressed by the expression of that self-consciousness which is so distinctively modern, and which

is intensified and concentrated within a museum. And to the lips of the more sensitive student who gazes at platters and violins, cups and jewels arranged in their cases, springs a paraphrase of Hamlet's injunction to the fop: "Put your hat to its right use, sir; 'tis for the head."

But these inevitable thoughts of protest do not in fact reflect upon the museum itself; their bitterness is altogether for the unlovely conditions of the times; for the cheapness, the commonness, the production of joyless ornament by the gross and the gross of grosses, against which the museum protests. But for that beneficent institution the very memory of beauty might perish in the English town. And nowhere would it die so utterly and be so absolutely lost as in those northern cities where the great principle of division of labour has brought mankind to that death in life which is the abeyance and suppression of all faculties of mind and body except the small and insignificant abilities employed upon one unchanging, fragmentary, and fractional task; where the air is choked, and the ways are strewn with the refuse of labour; and whence the one elementary beauty—the loveliness of light—which asserts itself through the bars of prisons, and in horrible deserts, and among polar snows, and in all the other terrible places of the world, is by some unique ingenuity of misfortune banished and shut out. There the church and the museum are, or should be, the two treasuries of beauty, stores of memories and hopes, as well as of things sent from other places and saved from other times.

From the foremost and most famous of all these towns—Manchester—comes to us the prospectus of the Art Museum about to be established there on principles which can hardly fail to make it unique among museums. Just as its work, in such a place and amid such a population, will be of exceptional importance, so are its ordination and government exceptionally wise. For instance, no one who has seen some stray working man and his family vaguely and slouchingly availing themselves of their privileges at the London museums, can have failed to

notice the one grave omission which explained both the apathy of those present and the number of those absent—the omission of explanations of the beauty of the objects exhibited. Dates, names, descriptions are affixed, but nothing teaches the untrained eye to see, or the brain to understand, or the heart to care. At the great exhibition at Bethnal Green in 1872, pictures were exhibited the technical merits of which were far beyond the appreciation of the fairly intelligent bourgeois class—and to the working man they must have been sealed indeed. Civilization, with its great principle of division of labour, and other paralyzing conditions, has deprived men of their instinct for beauty, an instinct which is infallible in all healthy young nations, and the loss of which can only be atoned for by the difficult processes of education. Knowledge may be made to supply the place of the lost instinct and to bring more delight, or at least a more conscious delight, than instinct gave. But the poor have neither the instinct nor the knowledge, and it is certain that their feeling for right form and good colour is absolutely null. To show them a beautiful thing is, therefore, not sufficient ; for to them it does not seem beautiful. But to show it to them and to tell them simply and intelligibly why it is beautiful, is to begin the slow but beneficent process of education. Now, it has been decided that at the Manchester Art Museum some comment on the characteristics of each object shall be made, not in the catalogue only, but in labels to be read without trouble. The prospectus adds :—

It is probable that the largest results will be gained from this system of explanation and criticism when it is applied to those things which are used by the greatest number of people. Pottery, for instance, being used in every house, offers one of the best means which can be used for giving knowledge of some of the principles of rightness of appearance. The man who learns in the Museum to look critically at a cup, the counterpart, perhaps, of one in his own house, will have acquired principles of criticism which he will often apply when he uses his own cups, and which will probably lead him to try to estimate the merits of the form of other things in his house, and eventually to replace those which he discovers to be ugly by others of better shape. For we often find that when we possess one

beautiful thing, of which we have learnt to feel the beauty, it makes us desire that all the things which surround it shall also be beautiful.

Our attention is next turned to an excellent plan for proving to the working man how his love of beauty, once awakened, may find satisfaction in the home which has hitherto helped the factory and the street to destroy it :—

For the same purpose of making known by means of things in common use the difference between right and wrong form, it is intended that a space of the size of a small house shall be partitioned off in the Museum, and be furnished with the few pieces of furniture needed in it, all strong and simple, of good form and good workmanship. The walls will be of pleasant colour, and a few good pictures will hang on them. The curtains, the crockery, will be of good material, good shape, and good colour. The window will be provided with a case for growing plants. Such rooms will teach more convincingly than any lectures or books could do that beautiful things can easily be obtained by thousands of people whose houses at present contain almost nothing which they can admire.

In the matter of pictures, the Committee have taken the wise course of choosing good works, and of choosing them among other good works for their subject. They have recognized the fact that the most intelligent artisan is not yet likely to adopt Théophile Gautier's formula of the sufficiency of art to itself; and the need of human interest and natural interest will be respected. Groups will be formed of religious subjects; scenes from history and fiction; characteristic passages from the life of the various nations; war scenes; scenes of child life; landscapes which have the interest of a locality marked by a famous event; landscapes having the interest of natural beauty; tree and flower subjects; animal subjects, and so forth. In the section of Religious Art, respect will be paid to the fact that to the childlike poor, above all other men, "things seen are mightier than things heard." The facts and events of Scripture will be so illustrated that the uneducated may be helped to the habit of forming mental pictures of scenes hitherto left for them in the vagueness—to them an extreme vagueness—of words. The same or a similar subject, treated by different hands, will be so placed that the student will be led to compare varieties of impression; and opportunity will be taken to point out the

various methods of such various mediums as oil-painting, water-colour drawing, etching, and engraving, their ways of interpretation, their aims, their limitations, and their effects. The eye will be drawn to gauge the beauty not only of a landscape but of its detail, by the exhibition of studies of leaves, branches, blossoms and seeds. If the Manchester operative can—and doubtless he will—be thus taught to know the exquisiteness of the pure lines of wild growths, he will assuredly have the advantage in culture over the “educated” who have not yet abandoned the vulgar profusions and marred forms of over-double flowers. Then, in regard to animal pictures, we rejoice especially to find that the painful puzzles of Nature, “red in tooth and claw,” are not to be insisted upon with that insensitive and stupid cheerfulness to which we are not unaccustomed in the galleries of our own Royal Academy. Nor will the hunting picture of which we have so many memories (also not unconnected with Burlington House), and which sums up with terrible insistence the chief vulgarities of the national art and the national ethics, find a place in the Manchester Museum. For, we are told,

There will be pictures which will tend to strengthen the habit of feeling delight in the form, the colour, the graceful movements of many animals. It is intended to exclude all examples of the large class of pictures of animal life, which, instead of fostering admiration of beauty, chiefly serve to give knowledge of the numerous ways in which animals are destroyed by each other and by men.

All art reproductions, even mechanical processes, which are not positively injurious to taste, will be exhibited at their best, some comment being made as to their deficiencies. Greek sculpture will be represented by means of casts, and the art of music—the one art for which the uneducated Englishman shows a singular faculty and ability—will be practised in the museum, chiefly in the form of songs full of melody and united to beautiful words, but also in that of simple concerted pieces for instruments. Needless to say that the music will be none the less excellent for being simple; and to such attempts at

popular education as this which is about to be made at Manchester we may, in time, owe a more thorough general knowledge of national airs, and also of the great old English music which the trivial taste of the just-past dark age has so much neglected. To the entertainment of music will be added courses of lectures to satisfy those who should wish to follow up some suggestion of study gathered among the subjects exhibited, and the loan of small collections from the Museum is offered to schools, Sunday-schools, and working men's clubs in Manchester and Salford.

On the subject of Sunday opening we must again let the prospectus speak for itself, for what it has to say has never been more rightly or more moderately said :—

It is admitted by every one that a very large proportion of the people of our towns do not now spend Sunday in a way which is conducive either to spiritual or to mental and physical health. The Committee believe that the general ignorance of townspeople of almost all natural beauty, and of almost all beautiful works of Art, is amongst the chief causes of that common absence of deep religious feeling, and of desire for noble modes of life, and for the happiness attainable by healthy exercise of powers of hand and brain and heart to which the prevalence of wrong ways of spending Sunday is attributable. It has been explained that the contents of the Museum will be chosen for the purpose of giving workpeople knowledge of, and admiration for, the beautiful works of God and of those of His creatures to whom He has given genius ; and it will not be doubted that the acquirement of such knowledge will be far more conducive to religious thought and feeling, and to the formation of those good mental and physical habits which religion must have for its foundation, than any knowledge likely to be gained on Sunday afternoons elsewhere. The Committee have other reasons for Sunday opening. The conditions under which the poorer inhabitants of our towns are living, strongly tend to destroy, or at least to greatly weaken, family affection. This affection, which gives to parents the most powerful motives they can have for industry, self-denial, and every other form of good conduct, and leads them to care for the physical, mental, and moral welfare of their children, and through which alone children can be led to yield full obedience to their parents and to those whom their parents desire them to obey, is necessarily strengthened by pleasant intercourse amongst the members of a family, and weakened by every thing which prevents them from having intercourse, or which makes their intercourse unpleasant. But the habits which, as consequences of our climate and the state of our towns, prevail among many town workpeople, deprive the relations existing between thousands of them and their children of nearly all pleasantness. It is often thought that

on Sunday town workmen may spend their time pleasantly with their families partly at home, partly in church or chapel, partly in taking exercise in the open air. But this is not so in the case of the more ignorant workpeople. Very few of them go to any place of worship, nor, if they went would they be able to understand more than a very small part of the service. Nor can many of them spend time pleasantly at home. For even if most workpeople had the resources which for cultivated people give to home much of its attractiveness ; even if their children were as lovable as intelligence, good conduct, and physical cleanliness and comeliness could make them ; and if workpeople's houses were as clean and cheerful as houses of the kind can be, the smallness of their homes alone would make it quite impossible for them to pass many hours there contentedly.

It hardly need be said that for the lower classes of workpeople none of these favourable conditions exist.

Many of their children are as unlovable as filthiness and brutal habits acquired in the street—their only playground—can make them ; the parents do not read easily ; they have very few books ; they do not play any musical instrument ; they lead such monotonous lives and have so little knowledge of anything but their immediate surroundings that they have few subjects of conversation ; and their houses are not only very small and crowded, but are also made very gloomy by the smoke-laden air of the town, and by the absence of plants and of everything else which is bright and beautiful. Moreover, time cannot be spent pleasantly by them on Sundays outside their own houses. For the streets and public-houses are then the only places where those workpeople who do not go to places of worship or do not live near to one of our few public parks can take their children, and in wet weather public-houses are the only places. The streets are not long attractive even in very fine weather, and it is not surprising therefore that, as soon as public-houses open on Sunday, very many workpeople go to them ; that many of their children at a very early age also begin to spend part of Sunday in public-houses ; and that, both in public-houses and in their own homes, many workpeople seek relief from monotony in the exciting occupations of betting on races and gambling at cards. Bad as the habit of going to public-houses would be, even if all the members of a family who went there went together and thus at least kept alive the sense of companionship with each other, the badness of the habit has seldom this mitigation. The habit of drinking in public-houses is one of the influences which are most fatal to even the lowest forms of family affection. However fond of drinking a husband or a wife may be, each knows that it wastes wages and wage-earning power, and each therefore dislikes to see the other, or his or her children, drink.

Turning to another point, the Report continues :—

The objection which may be urged against the opening of the Museum on Sunday, that it will involve some work, does not seem to the Committee to have any force. The work which is needed to make the Museum attractive on Sundays is work of a kind which must be done if the more ignorant

classes of workpeople are to be enabled to live rightly, and the doing of it on Sunday is, therefore, not merely permissible but "necessary." And the doing of necessary work of this kind will, it is hoped, soon lead to there being very much less unnecessary work done on Sunday than is now done. For if many of those who now spend part of Sunday in public-houses, where each servant has hard work and can attend to few persons, can be induced to spend their time in places like the Art Museum, where each servant has only light work and can attend to a large number of people, a small amount of Sunday work, producing the best results, will be substituted for a vast amount which causes a great deal of evil.

Finally, the gifts to the Manchester Museum from artists and lovers of art promise to be in harmony with the admirable inspiration of its founders. Mr. Watts has offered a study of one of his noble works, the "Love and Death;" Mr. Ruskin has chosen the *facsimile* copies of Turner's drawings which are to form part of the art-collections, has worked on them with his own pencil, and has written for them some of those invaluable explanatory notes which during his long career have done more in aid of contemporary art than has the labour of any other single hand. Mr. Morris will give his aid and advice in the fitting out of the little model workman's house, and will explain the qualities of the designs and fabrics. Mr. C. Purdon Clarke will select in India, on behalf of the committee, fine examples of metal-work, pottery, and textile fabrics. The collection of Greek vases is in the hands of Mr. Newton, C.B., the Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum. Mr. Hamerton accompanies a large valuable series of etchings with a card of explanation for each example; and another etching in the collection is M. Rajon's rendering of Mr. Oules's portrait of Cardinal Newman. To the fund which is being raised for buying collections for the museum, and to that for its annual maintenance, the subscriptions are such as to prove with how sincere a heart the work has been undertaken. Mr. T. C. Horsfall is its chief and most generous supporter, and we are reminded that it was from him that Mr. Ruskin lately quoted the emphatic saying, "Faith cannot live in hideous towns."

FRANCIS PHILLIMORE.

Heroine or Criminal?

CINDERELLA is held up to the youthful minds of many countries as a model of deportment; but is it quite certain that the best she could have done under her difficult circumstances was to sit in the ashes and offer herself as a target for the scorn of the cruel sisters? On the same principle, wives who have helped their husbands to become monsters of selfishness, are often held up as having covered themselves with glory; the nearest approach to censure directed against them being an approving and playful "you *spoil* your husband, my dear!" from some smiling old lady. Lady Castlewood, in "Esmond," says: "We were bred to be slaves always; and I think our sermons seem to say that the best woman is she who bears her master's chains most gracefully." "Women," her ladyship further explains, "don't work in the street in gangs, with the public to jeer them, and if they suffer, suffer in private."

Even that consolation, however, was denied to the traditional model wife, who endured much of her torture under the eye of her lord's people. "Patient Grissel"—that "exquisite tale of Griselda," as a recent commentator on Chaucer calls it—is in part responsible, perhaps, for the commonly-received notion as to conjugal meekness. In an old history of Toulouse, it is asserted that this model wife lived in 1103, and in the "Annales d'Aquitaine," she was said to have been in existence seventy-eight years earlier. For some 500 years, then, she has been a conspicuous figure in the literatures of many countries. Her history was the most popular of all the stories of the "Decameron," and the prose translations of it in French were very numerous in the fourteenth century under

various titles. Petrarch made a Latin version of it from Boccaccio in 1373. It was played in Paris as a "Mystery," early in the fifteenth century; and the drama of "Patient Grissel" was entered in Stationers' Hall here late in the sixteenth century.

Let us take the story as we find it in the "Decameron." When a certain reigning marquis, "rather to please his subjects than out of any liking for matrimony" (!) determined to wed a country girl, he candidly and explicitly asked her, "whether she would make it her study to please him, and not be uneasy at any time whatever he should do or say, and whether she would be always obedient?" with more to the same purpose. The new marchioness had, we are told, "a most agreeable person, and was so amiable, and so good-natured withal, that she seemed rather a lord's daughter than a poor shepherd's; and her good works and discreet behaviour became common topics of discourse." In a year or two, "a new fancy" came into my lord's head; and this was "to make trial of her patience by long and intolerable sufferings; so he began with harsh words, telling her his subjects were greatly displeased with her for her mean parentage;" but like another much-sung lady,

"Still she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank :
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank."

And she humbled herself to the dust before her master, which, it is recorded, "was very agreeable to the prince." When an emissary from him came to demand her child for execution, she kissed it, blessed it, and resigned herself to its destruction—an act always referred to as sublime heroism, never as complicity in murder. Later, in like manner, when she had a son, the meek and patient Grissel handed him also, on demand, to (as she supposed) his executioner.

Our amiable marquis was full of expedients for torture. Like the vivisector, who discovered that love endured almost as long as life in his unfortunate dog, so Gualtieri tells his Griselda he has received letters from Rome dissolving his marriage with her, and empowering him to wed another ; to which she replies in Chaucer's version :—

“And in this house there ye me lady made
(The highe God take I for my witness,
And all so wisly he my soule glade)
I never held me lady ne maistress,
But humble servant to your worthiness,
And ever shall, while that my life may dure.

* * * * *

Unto my fader gladly wol I wend,
And with him dwell unto my life's end.”

But after further torments, a day comes when the noble marquis says :—“What I have done has been all along with a view to teach you how to behave as a wife, to show how to choose and keep a wife, and to secure my own ease and quiet as long as we live together, which I was apprehensive might have been endangered by my marrying.” He adds :—“I now seem to have found that happiness I desired !” And Boccaccio declares she proved her “divine spirit” by undergoing, “not only without a tear, but with seeming satisfaction, the most rigid and unheard-of trials by her husband.”

Only one voice has dissented from the chorus of approval of Griselda's deeds, and this merely ventures the mild stricture that “the cause of morality is not greatly promoted by bestowing on a passive submission to capricious tyranny the commendation which is only due to a humble acquiescence in the just dispensations of Providence.” Griselda, as a reward for patience, is allowed to wear, without further molestation, the coronet she had done nothing to forfeit. In recompense for her renouncing her maternal duties, and giving over son and daughter to their supposed murderer, her children are restored

to her ; and for her sanction of her husband's brutalities, she is immortalized in prose and verse.

It is by the promulgation of such dismal records as these, and the creation of an impossible standard, that high-spirited natures are sometimes tempted to break with even wholesome restraint. Are the Ten Commandments so very easy to keep that we must needs invent ten more ?

There was of course a peculiar and individual method in Gualtieri's cruelty ; but many of his modern imitators work up their drama to a different *dénoûment*. With them, as with the dog of the afore-mentioned zealous servant of science, only death puts a period to the torture, and the victim succumbs on the rack. It throws a curious light on the "heroic-criminal" question to hear, as we do, that termagants are never the victims of the specially English institution of wife-murder. This fate is reserved for the Grissel type of wife. It would be brutal to say, "Serve her right !" but there would perhaps be some excuse for the cruel word.

E. M. LYNCH.

In Kent.

BEAUTIFUL as the county of Kent undoubtedly is, the stranger is attracted thither rather by its association with our national history from the earliest times, than by any supremacy it may claim in the matter of scenery. Its hills and dales are reproduced in many other shires ; they have the mild and common loveliness of English pastures, cornfields, and orchards, heaths, lanes, and downs, under the lights and shadows of a low sky,—a garden-like daintiness, but none of the fine and sharp outline of the south. In all this, Kent has little distinction among English shires. It is when we regard Kent from a human, and not from a natural, point of view, when we find so many pages of its history are interwoven with the history of England, when we run our eyes over the map and see so many names that are “familiar in our mouths as household words,” that we have to admit that in archæological, poetic, and romantic wealth the County of the White Horse yields the palm to none ; and he who thinks to scamper over Kent, and “do it” thoroughly in a week, will find that at the expiration of that time he will have left undone far more than he has been able to do.

From its position as the bulwark of England, the association between Kent and the Roman conquerors was most intimate, and in no other county are their traces more palpable even to the careless eye. The old Watling Street is still the great highway of Kent ; and all along its course from the metropolis may be traced those firm footmarks which here, as elsewhere in England, have outlived many impressions of later creation. There is little that is Roman about modern Rochester except its site ; but the country for miles around teems with relics of

the mighty Legionaries. As we go towards Sittingbourne, on our left hand stretches a wild, weird, flat country of morass and ditch, dotted about with here and there a small hamlet. Brick-making is the staple industry of this neighbourhood, and probably has been so ever since the last Roman workman threw his refuse pottery into the creeks which here abound. The beds and banks of these creeks are still simply masses of old pottery; remains of villas, of manufactories, of cemeteries, have been found here continually; and there is evidence that here was planted under the protecting shadows of the two great fortresses of Durovernum and Durobrivæ, a flourishing and peaceful industrial centre.

All along the course of the Medway as far as Snodland have been found relics of Roman villas of the better sort, although not such country palaces as those at Brading and Bignor. Indeed, the site of two of the most interesting, in a field adjoining Snodland Churchyard, is only this year being built upon. Above the strange solitary monument, known as Kit's Coty House, are the extensive remains of a cemetery, but whether the ashes beneath are those of the Roman dwellers in the river-side villas, or of the victims who fell in the great battle at Aylesford, between Hengist and the British has never been agreed upon.

Further inland, almost due west, near that quiet sequestered nook which still bears the corrupted name of Keston, is one of the most perfect Roman camps in Britain. Antiquaries differ as to whether this is the site of Noviomagus, the last station before London of the itineraries, some voices being for Dartford and Crayford in Kent, and others for Woodcote, Wallington, and Croydon in Surrey, but at any rate Keston was an important post, and a triple vallum, in fairly good condition, still encloses many acres of land. Outside the lodge gate of Holwood,—the Holwood of Pitt and Wilberforce,—wherein stands the camp, is a circular well, the source of the

little Ravensbourne, which is called Cæsar's Well to this day ; and a little farther on is a mound still called the War Bank, from which at different times various Roman relics have been dug, and which is popularly believed to have been the scene of a great fight between the invaders and the patriots.

At Canterbury the old road divides into four : the main Watling Street going either to Richborough or Dover, and a branch to Lympne. Lympne—the ancient Portus Lemannis—now struggles down the slope of what once was a beetling cliff, and is many miles inland. In Roman times the sea washed over what is now Romney Marsh to the very gates of Lympne ; and the extent of the still sturdy ruins, far more damaged by a landslip and the hand of man than by the operation of time, attests that Portus Lemannis was of equal importance with the other two great ports, now named Reculver and Richborough.

Richborough still preserves, to a wondrous extent, its ancient form and strength. Of Silchester, of Uriconium, of old Colchester, of old York, of old London, the remains are scanty ; but here, on this Kentish cliff, overlooking the pleasant, dreamy, dead old town of Sandwich, we have an almost complete fortress, of which the walls are in some places twenty feet high, and five or six feet thick. Antiquaries differ as to whether there was ever a Roman city at Richborough : if there was, nothing remains of it but the outline of the ancient amphitheatre. The utter silence and the unbroken solitude here is especially striking, when we remember that Richborough was for centuries the chief port of entry for passengers from the Continent, and that the green expanse below, upon which heavy-fleeced sheep browse and Sandwich boys play cricket was once a restless, raging sea. Picnic parties from neighbouring Ramsgate occasionally make Richborough their goal, but, upon five days out of six, the quiet is as complete as the most ardent recluse could desire.

Kent is proud in the possession of stately halls, to many of which, in the days of the Armada, the "warlike errand went." There is Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys—the home of Sir Philip, the gallant soldier, the friend of Spenser, and the author of "Arcadia;" of Algernon, whose blood was shed for a crime he did not commit; of the beautiful Lady Dorothy, the Sacharissa of Waller; of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the inspirer of Ben Jonson's well-known lines. The old place still stands in all the glory of time-worn stones, ivied wings, quaint turrets, and mullioned windows. The Park, so typically English, with its sweeps of smooth glade dotted with deer, and its clumps of majestic trees, is not yet defaced by warning-boards and jealous palisades. Here, beneath the oak still called by his name, Sidney meditated on "Arcadia," and put his love-sick thoughts of Penelope Devereux into the meditations of Astrophel on Stella.

There is Hever, quiet and sequestered amidst the labyrinthine groves, vocal with nightingales, which border the wandering Eden—Hever, which was the scene of Henry VIII.'s wooing of the luckless Anne Boleyn. There is Knowle, near Sevenoaks, with its memories of a long line of fighting Sackvilles, of the author of "Gorboduc," of Hobbes, Waller, Locke, and Addison. There is Cobham, near Rochester, where Charles I. slept after his marriage with Henrietta Maria. There is Leeds, near Maidstone, built by the famous William of Wykeham. There are Chilham, near Canterbury, and Eastwell, whither fled, after the battle of Bosworth, a son of Richard III.; and Charlton House, where lived the amiable and accomplished Prince Henry, eldest son of James I.; and many others, still stately, magnificent, and sturdy, as when they were built, and each of them enclosing a chapter of our national history or a great name from our national Pantheon.

Kent abounds with old-world towns which differ from those of other counties, inasmuch as so many of them have fallen

from a high estate, and are but shadows of their former selves. Every Londoner makes a visit to Canterbury—the quiet city that sleeps beneath the shade of its grand minster. But of quaint old Sandwich comparatively little is known, although it lies within easy reach of half-a-dozen fashionable watering-places. One would be inclined to look for a decayed, silent town like Sandwich rather on the shores of the Zuyder Zee than upon the bustling south coast of England. Yet, decayed and silent as it is, it presents a charm to the explorer which is, perhaps, only possessed elsewhere by Rye in Sussex. It is hard to realize, as one stands on the grass-grown ramparts, surrounded by a scene of Cuyp-like quaintness and stillness, or as one wanders through the narrow, winding, quaintly-named streets, or as one explores the three grand old churches brimful of memories of great and glorious days, that one is in a once famous Cinque Port, which contributed fifteen hundred men and fifteen ships to the national navy ; in whose markets merchants from all the great trading cities of Europe haggled and bargained ; along whose now deserted quays ships of heavy tonnage once rode easily at anchor. Yet at every step one is reminded of this faded grandeur, and the artist or the antiquary can pursue his craft amidst a silence which is almost pathetically oppressive.

Then there is that strange, solitary region of Romney Marsh, so strange and so solitary that its inhabitants call it the sixth division of the world ; a region where sheep fatten and where wild birds build and rear without let or hindrance ; a region in which are such quaint, forgotten, old-world towns as the Romneys and Lydd, towns with fine churches, broad streets and well-looking houses, but utterly devoid of life ; a region where life jogs on from year's end to year's end, broken only by the occasional excitement of a sheep-fair, and lately by the invasion of a railway, just as it has jogged on during the many hundred years since the sea left the Romneys and Lydd high

and dry, as it had previously left Rye, Winchelsea, Old Hythe, Lympne, Richborough, and Sandwich ; a region where a jargon undistinguishable to strangers is spoken, and where strangers are gaped at as beings from another world.

These are the towns scattered about that Arcadia of England, the Kentish Weald—a country by no means so much visited as it deserves, and wherein old manners and customs still linger to an astonishing degree : Cranbrook—once the centre of the Kentish “grey coats”—famous for its cloth manufacture, Goudhurst, Biddenden, Smarden, Tenterden, all once important manufacturing towns, and, at a later period, hotbeds of smuggling. A walk along the Watling Street, which is still, with one or two inconsiderable divergences, the principal county highway, will introduce the explorer to some of the most characteristic phases of Kentish town and country life. He will cross Barham Downs on his way townwards—that breezy, open tract so long a happy hunting-ground for “minions of the moon” and “clerks of St. Nicholas,” but rich also in historical associations ; he will pass through Canterbury, and at Boughton-under-Blean is reminded of Chaucer’s Canon Yeman, whose knowledge of magic was so wondrous that he could pave the road thither to Canterbury with silver and gold. He will go by Faversham and Sittingbourne into Chatham and Rochester, whence he may stick to the old Roman road which runs by the edge of Cobham Park to Dartford, or may choose the modern road leading over Gad’s Hill. From Dartford he will go through Crayford, over Shooter’s Hill, across historic Blackheath, into the labyrinths of New Cross, and pull up in that region of famous old coaching houses, the Borough.

Far less known is the road which the pilgrims from the West of England followed to Canterbury, and which ought to be walked over by those Londoners who complain that picturesque routes in the home district are exhausted, and that it is necessary to go so far afield in order to attain the object of

getting away from beaten paths. Entering Kent near the village of Tatsfield, it runs, according to its invariable method, just under the brow of the hills, and just above the line of towns and villages in the valley, its course generally marked by lines of sombre yew trees, until it reaches Chevening Park. It still runs across the Park, but the public, by some mysterious violation of public right, are not allowed to follow it, and are compelled to make a long *détour* in order to regain it just above Otford. Otford, a pleasant, typical Kentish village on the Darent, is historically famous for the great battle which laid Kent at the feet of Mercia, and for the ruins of one of those splendid palaces in which sovereigns and prelates loved to dally during their leisured progresses to and from the ecclesiastical metropolis. The old way runs through Otford, ascends the hill above pretty little Kemsing, where is a famous Pilgrims' Well, and keeps on through a completely sequestered but beautiful country—sometimes little better than a footpath, sometimes almost undistinguishable, until it dips down the hill to cross the Medway at Snodland. From Snodland it goes by the Barhams, under the hill whereon stands Kit's Coty House, crosses the main road, dwindling into a mere pathway through picturesque Deptling to Boxley, famous in the olden time for its Abbey, and for the Rood of Grace. From Boxley the course of the "Old Pilgrim," as it is called, is rather difficult to follow, and is often lost amongst fields, but by keeping the dotted parallel line of yew trees we manage to follow it past Harrietsham and Lenham into the picturesque little village of Charing, which was once famous as a coaching centre, and is still famous for the ruins of another archiepiscopal palace. From Charing the Pilgrim Road is lost amongst the fields of Eastwell and Wye, but we can follow a very beautiful road to Canterbury by way of Challock, Chilham, and Chartham. And all this can be compassed in a two days' walk.

With another Kentish road we have associations of later

ages—of the age of plumed hats, Vandyck collars and jack boots, and of the age of perruques, fardengales, hoops, high heels, and long swords. This is the road leading from London to Tunbridge Wells. When royalty went regularly to Tunbridge Wells, and fashionable London followed in its train, this road must have been a scene of continued bustle and gaiety, and the inns which are dotted along the road from “long, lazy, Lewisham” to Tunbridge, doubtless reaped rich harvests of guineas which will never be reaped again. Past the “George” at Farnborough, now degenerated into a beanfeaster’s drinking house, must have been whirled the queen of Charles I., Charles II., Grammont, Sedley, Judge Jefferies, James II. and his daughters ; and, later on, Doctor Johnson, Mansfield, Cumberland, *cum multis aliis*.

From the roads of Kent to the inns is a natural step, and about the Kentish inns the explorer will find a very pleasant atmosphere of old-world romance. At Canterbury there are the Fleur-de-lis, the Mitre, and the Fountain, still famous inns with fine connexions. The George and Dragon, a humbler style of hostelry, was a sort of branch to the old Pilgrim lodging-place opposite, now known as the Eastbridge Hospital, and is said to be the oldest inn of the town, although the Sir John Falstaff, and the Chequers of Hope must run it very close. The May Pole, about half-way between Canterbury and Folkestone, was a favourite rendezvous for gentlemen of the road, for whom Government had made Barham Downs too hot, just as the celebrated Brockley Jack was a place of refuge for tracked Blackheath footpads. The Green Man, on the edge of Blackheath, was converted some years back into a gin palace of the most approved type, but there are many men by no means yet in the sere and yellow leaf of life who can remember its old-fashioned face, its trim garden, its two old maiden landladies, and its genuine old-world cheer.

At the Queen's Head, Faversham, James the Second was confined after his futile attempt to escape from England by sea when he had heard that even his daughter Anne had at last left St. James' to join Danby at Nottingham. To the Swan in the same town crowds of shoemakers from all parts of the country were wont to repair, because it was reported that Saints Crispin and Crispina had fled thither from persecutions at Rome, and had gained their livelihood there as shoemakers. The Red Lion at Wingham, between Sandwich and Canterbury, a fine specimen of the old half-timbered house, was for centuries used as the Sessions House. The Queen's Head at Boxley has been an inn ever since it was used by the Canterbury pilgrims as a resting place. Rochester inns have been famous from all time, and with the exception perhaps of Dover, no town in the kingdom has been so frequently honoured by the presence of royalty. Anne of Cleves halted here on her way to meet Henry VIII. at Blackheath; Charles II., James II., and all the Georges frequently stopped here, not to mention the host of native and foreign notables who found Rochester a convenient place to furbish themselves up a bit before arriving in the metropolis.

With Rochester is inseparably connected the name of Charles Dickens. He loved every stone of old Rochester—her gaunt, empty castle, reared by the same hands that built the Tower of London, her sombre cathedral and its pleasant precincts, her long irregular streets with their quaint houses and their alternate fits of quiet and animation, her ancient bridge, and her curious suburbs. The name of Cloisterham, in the last work of the master's hand, very thinly disguises the Rochester about which he loved to roam from his villa on Gad's Hill; the Falstaff Inn nearly opposite, Watt's Hospital for Six Poor Travellers, Chatham Lines—immortalized by the episode of Mr. Pickwick's hat—are still familiar objects to the

visitor, and have become impregnated with a new romance since the death of their delineator. The road along which poor little David Copperfield tramped is that which runs through Rochester, and is the same from which Dickens gleaned his extraordinary knowledge of Bonifaces, tramps, gipsies, and Uncommercial Travellers of all descriptions. All the neighbourhood, with its immortal memories of Men in Buckram and of humours of more antique savour than his own, was to him a happy hunting-ground. It was at the Leather Bottel at Cobham that the Pickwickians discovered the disconsolate Tupman; it was in Cobham that the famous antiquarian discovery of Bill Stumps's stone was made; amidst the marshes about Chalk and Cooling were laid many of the scenes in "Great Expectations," and the Satis House of the same story is still standing. Although Dingley Dell was near Maidstone, it was upon the road between Rochester and Maidstone that "Mr. Pickwick undertook to drive, and Mr. Winkle to ride," with such memorable results.

The men of Kent are no longer a political power apart, as they were in the days when Jack Straw kilted up his priestly gown and led the sturdy serfs upon Canterbury, whence the soldierly Wat Tyler took a hundred thousand of them to ask for their freedom from the king. A huge number died martyrs when the treachery of Richard reared the gibbets thickly over the Kentish land; but the work of the rising was done so thoroughly that when Cade led the Kentish men once more to London, twenty thousand strong, it was to make demands which only freemen, and tolerably dignified freemen, could prefer—a request for unhindered freedom of election, for a change in an obnoxious Ministry, and for more economy in the spending of the State revenues. Even now, there is more of that feeling of local patriotism which keeps Turin, Milan, Brescia, Piacenza, Modena, so distinct in spite of political unity, among the

men of Kent than in any other county in England. Children of the first wild English who swarmed into the land from which they swept the very name of their enemies, they have for their emblem that white horse which shone upon the "meteor flag" of the invaders; it is rather a pity therefore that an alien tongue has given them their motto :—INVICTA.

FRANK ABELL.

Bogeys of Provincial Life.

HOBBIES.

“**H**OW seldom do we behold tranquillity!” says Emerson, and we feel that he is sighing under the oppressions of people who are in earnest in villages. Assuredly, the strong type of the provincial of all time is the Puritan, who has passed in England into other forms, but who is still evidently himself in the North-east of America. “How seldom do we behold tranquillity! We have never yet seen a man. There are no divine persons with us, and the multitude do not hasten to be divine.” That lack of divinity we need not hesitate to attribute to another want. A want of affectionateness? Of an ideal? Of any of the qualities most famous as divine qualities? None of these; what the provincial, who is mentally a provincial of the province, lacks is the divine quality which is not famous as being divine, but which appears in some eyes as the foremost of the distinctions of divinity—impartiality. The emphatic man who wears his convictions uneasily, who presses the point which his hearers would turn gently with a shield rather than a sword, who will not spare himself, or his hobby, or his acquaintance, or the rest of the world; who has an un-Shakespearian intolerance; who indulges himself with public manifestations of the excesses of opinion which he permits in the secret of his mind; who insists; such a man, wherever he happens to live, has nothing of the spirit of capitals within him. He has none of the imaginative liberality which comes of a passage through the worlds of thought in a central city. It is very possibly to the city that he goes, for the streets of a great capital are trodden by regiments of hobbies; but he takes his mental province

with him, and lives in Paris or London in a little world fenced in, a world at once of disquiet and of certainties, of uneasy obstinacy, as far removed from the centres of human life as though it lay in the remote and tardy corners of the land.

Alas ! of what use is it to live in the liberal middle of the world, if one carries such a remoteness in one's heart ? If Heaven is "first a temper, then a place," that province of the hobby-rider is as often a temper as a place. It encloses him within narrow limits in horrible nearness to others of his kind, in hopeless remoteness from those who are not of his kind ; he dwells in London in a little village of Sabbatarians, or of Ritualists, or of Teetotallers, or of those political Liberals who display in an extreme degree the uneasy certainties of bigotry—certainties which would be cheerful but for the untranquillities produced by the need of scorning Conservatives and Radicals and the citizens of the other worlds. What local boundaries could equal in their power of limitation so obstinate a mental provincialism ? Independent of locality, where will it not follow and bind and surround a man ? From what worlds will it not separate him, to what sects will it not confine him ? Colonel Butler tells us of a little Fanti Christian on the West Coast of Africa, who asked him : "Master, are there not Christians in England who are like the fetish people here in the bush ?" "What do you mean, small boy ?" "Are there not some Christian people who have pieces of sticks and stones for their gods ? The ministers always told us at the school there were plenty such people in England. He said they were called Catholics." What are the names of those provinces which the "ministers" in question had taken with them—and taken into what regions ! All the uneasy vulgarities of *decivilized* mankind had surrounded and followed them to the coasts of poisonous forests, into the darkness of evil, ignorant, and cruel populations of the

uncivilized ; into all a world of sombre and hopeless history, enough to puzzle the will of any one (except a Provincial Christian) with some of the blankest problems of the earth's past and future. But provincial wills are never puzzled. The Little Pedlington in which these men dwelt upon the Gold Coast, does not hesitate or doubt ; its lack of tranquillity comes from other causes. And the young Fanti was admitted—a defenceless little savage—within its dismal township, and was made free of its theology.

And who does not know the mental provincialism which is built up within the very centre of the centre—the hobbies which are ridden, the obstinacies which are insisted upon, the points which are pressed in the most august assembly in the world ? Mr. Matthew Arnold long ago showed us that our very literature has eccentricities, brutalities, which the central influence of an Academy would correct. But the very fact that Cardinal Richelieu's great institution holds in France the sway which in fact it possesses, assuredly proves a capacity for intellectual centralization which England lacks. What are the various eccentricities of Exeter Hall but religious provincialisms, and can we hope that in literature and the arts there will be greater generality and tranquillity ? It is precisely the characteristic of eccentricity which strikes the foreign critic of English pictures, even when the individual power of the painter commands respect.

It is scarcely necessary to say that women are more thorough provincials than men ; the greater number of hobbies bear a side-saddle. For few women have ever attained those divine and Shakespearian impartialities and tolerances. Perhaps the exaggeration of a certain valuable quality of thoroughness or integrity, the quality which in moderation preserves women from ever leading entirely dilettante lives, and from finding in the satisfaction of a taste those happinesses which rightly belong

to conscience, is answerable for the mental provincialism common among us. Add to this the want of tact, which is as peculiar to the provincial-minded woman as the perfection of that very quality is to the influential woman of capitals ; for no man has ever quite reached the absolute condition of tactlessness which is achieved by her who may be seen pressing tracts upon the incredulous, the disgusted, and the indifferent amid the perils from omnibuses and cabs in the Strand, or who creates a silence in a mixed gathering by her emphatic pronouncements on homœopathy or the female franchise, or who lurks about the gardens of a German watering-place concealing in her hard but uneasy eye a determination to do good to her neighbours at *table d'hôte*, and to all loungers to the loan of whose ear she has any pretence of a claim. Nay, in the faces of the men of her family may generally be seen the saving moderation of sensitiveness, consciousness, and doubt. So in many a woman's adherence to a political party. The province she lives in is called Liberalism or Conservatism, as the case may be, and she takes it with her into the centre of the conflict of principles, into the past and into the future, into the east and into the west. The mention of the east, by the way, might convict us all of a certain provinciality of occidentalism which will no doubt ere long be brought home to the intellectual conscience of Europe.

Of a mind it should be asked, more particularly than of a place : "What are its means and its habits of communication ?" Without communication, a conviction becomes a bigotry, a habit a trick, a preference a hobby ; that valuable quality of the unit which is called in France *tempérament* becomes an eccentricity ; and genius itself takes out what Mr. Lowell calls a "patent of originality."

It was no formidable demon who whispered "Visto, have a taste"—it was some imp, rather, some Puck flitting about in

search of pastime. The true demon is he who whispers, "Have a conviction, and insist upon it." A separation from the many, a herding within a little village of the intellect with those who share the cherished opinion, whatever it may be—this is a kind of provincialism which triumphs over all place and time. Its study has led us far from its native fields, has brought us away from the corners of the nation to look into the far more inaccessible corners of the mind.

ALICE MEYNELL.

